



SWEET WORLD OF BLOSSOMS.

Sweet world of blossoms
And melody divine,
Dark time and light time—
How long shall you be mine?
How long to feel the freshness
That in a green leaf waves,
To drink your life-thrilled sunlight—
To sigh above your graves?

Sweet world of blossoms—
Red rose and white,
How long the May morning—
How far falls the Night?
How long to dream the sweet dream
"Neath skies that flame or frown,
To thrill before the Vision
Ere shadows fold it down?

Sweet world of blossoms,
All dreams above!
Thy crimson my heart's blood—
Thy lilies my love!
How long to tread thy pathways—
Thy harvests rich to reap,
Till the toiler's steps turn homeward,
Where the still Night whispers, "Sleep?"
—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

The Hermit

A Story of the Wilderness

By CHARLES CLARK HUNN
Author of "Pocket Island," "Uncle Terry"
and "Rockhaven."

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CHAPTER XXIX.—CONTINUED.

"Oh, middlin' so," answered old Cy, his face glowing with excitement; "it's Amzi best enough, 'n' he owns it up, but he can't make out how or why I'm here, an' he don't low he's got a brother Dave 'n' a grown up gal, Angie. He's sane enough so fur's livin' here, 'n' how he does it, 'n' all about the garden 'n' squirrels, but just the mink I shift back to old time, he either gets wary or don't recollect. He thinks I come here 'lone, too, 'n' when I come 'way, he acted worried for fear I wouldn't come back, 'n' kept beggin' I would. It's a curus case, 'n' I can't make it out. He acts like a man woke up out of a sleep."

"Had I best call on him now," asked Martin, after a long pause, "or wait until to-morrow? He isn't likely to go off again, is he?"

"Wal, I dunno," answered old Cy, cautiously shaking his head, "I dunno; we can't stop him if he does, I s'pose an' all we kin do is to be keeful—mighty keeful. My idea is I best go back to him bime by 'n' stay a spell 'longer 'n' mebbe eat with him. Ye've got to sorter connect him with us by his feelin's, I callate."

"I might go off with the guides a few days," rejoined Martin, after considering old Cy's "idea," "and give you a chance to renew old ties again."

"Wal, mebbe, though you might come round thar arter a spell, jist ter git him uster seein' you agin, 'n' then keep shady."

"Would it be best to show him Angie's picture now or wait?" queried Martin, anxiously. "I've got them with me."

"I'm glad on it," answered old Cy, eagerly; "I'll take 'em 'n' when the right time comes 'll use 'em as a sorter clincher."

And so these two, sitting beside that smouldering camp-fire, discussed the difficult problem of how to bring back to sane thought and action a mind diseased by misanthropy and years of solitude. A deer, with every sense keenly alert, might yet be stalked, a wary trout lured from hiding, but here was a problem quite new and ten times harder to solve.

One false step, the crackle of a breaking twig, the motion of a moving body, would send the deer leaping away to safety; but the forest held others, and what matter. It held but one hermit, and on him and his return to sanity and action lay the happiness and heritage of an orphaned girl.

"I am going to let you manage matters entirely and exactly as you think best," asserted Martin, after long consideration; "you know him best, he was your staunch friend once, I brought you here for that purpose, and now I'll not speak, move, or show myself until you say the word."

But the question of Martin's showing himself to the hermit settled itself, for hardly had he ceased speaking when footsteps in the undergrowth were heard and the hermit emerged.

"How do you do, sir?" was Martin's greeting, as he rose and extended his hand cordially. "You remember me, don't you?"

For one moment the strange recluse looked curiously at him, then to old Cy and back.

"I remember you," he answered pleasantly, grasping the proffered hand; "an' the squirrels didn't hurt ye, did they? I tamed 'em."

It was a child's answer, and it flashed on Martin that this recluse had drifted back to that mental state.

For a short time he glanced curiously at the camp and its belongings, smiling in a vacant way and then at old Cy. "You're going to live with me now, Cyrus, ain't you?" he asked plainly. "There is room 'nough, and you can help me cut wood."

Martin sighed and turned away.

He had been in suspense so long, hoping for the best and dreading the worst; for two weeks his fears had increased daily, and now to find the long-lost Amzi, the father of the girl he loved, a mental wreck and in his second childhood, was pitiful.

"It might be wuss," old Cy responded to his regrets later, after the hermit had left them; "he's childish now an' sorter wanderin', but mebbe his mind 'll come back arter a spell by coaxin'. I callate 'most any on us ud get that way livin' all stark 'lone this 20 years."

Old Cy, with his homely speech, kind heart, and "horse sense," was right, and Martin knew it. It was none the less pitiful, however, and that night as he, left alone with the two guides, sat by the camp-fire watching its glow and listening to the low wave wash of the lake, his thoughts flew far away to a vine-hill porch, the rustling of falling leaves, and a fair face with bewitching eyes. All that last evening with Angie, her willing efforts to entertain, how he stole the picture while she sang, and her cool parting words came back. He had lived over the old boyish illusion months ago beside this same lakelet; it had led him back to Greenville and to a new ambition and unrest that spoiled his peace of mind. And now back again in this vast wilderness, with the stars twinkling in the placid lake, it pursued him still and would not be put away. It had been almost four weeks now since he left Greenville, the leaves were turning, and he was anxious to get back for many reasons of his own—the new church movement which he had in a thoughtless moment offered to assist, the coming of his friend as its pastor, and his own hobby of trout raising. They were all ties of more or less strength, but chief of all was Angie.

The fire had burned low and both guides were asleep in their bark shelter when old Cy returned.

"I think ye best stay 'round a few days," he said, "'n' then go 'way a spell. Amzi is kinder gettin' 'fond o' havin' me 'round helpin', 'n' arter a few days things 'll come back to him, mebbe. I doubt we'll git him back to Greenville, though, 'thout we fetch him back; he's that wanted here."

It was not a reassuring report.

For three days Martin passed the time as best he could. He killed a deer and sent half up to the hermit, who, with old Cy was hard at work cutting and piling a winter's store of wood. He added a few brace of partridge to this gift-offering later on, called on the two who were now living together, and talked as best he could with Amzi, and then, at the close of one day, as he stood watching Levi and Jean busy preparing their evening meal, he heard a canoe grate upon the sandy beach close by, and, looking up, saw the two officers just landing.

CHAPTER XXX. UNWELCOME VISITORS.

For a moment Martin stood looking at these men in speechless astonishment. He had fancied them far away on their murderer-hunting cruise, and now they were back—and for what purpose.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said Martin, with the best grace he could; and advancing to meet them, "have you found your man yet?"

"We haven't," answered the leader in a curious tone, "but we think we shall if we stay around here long enough." Then, glancing at his companion, he added, "Do you do most of your canoeing by night?"

"I do," responded Martin, laughing slightly, and not at all abashed, "if I want to make time and protect an innocent man."

"I presume you know," returned the officer, almost insolently, "that warning a suspected criminal or aiding him to escape exposes you to arrest?"

"I do," answered Martin, firmly, "and also that arresting a man without a specific warrant and proof that he is the criminal wanted, lays even an officer open to arrest and prosecution. Now you have with you, no doubt, a warrant for the arrest of one McGuire, a criminal in hiding. I gave you, some three weeks ago, what I believed to be directions where you could find him. You doubted my word of honor as a gentleman, and came here. You found a cabin that had been vacated for many weeks; you remained in it over night, committing two crimes, trespass and stealing, and then went your way. The owner of this cabin is an old friend of mine whom I know well, and he is back again now. You can arrest him, of course, but at your own peril. If you do, I assure you, I am worth and will spend \$10,000 to land you in jail for so doing. Now, gentlemen, we won't waste words over this matter. Please consider yourselves my guests, pitch your tent here, and let us be sociable."

For a moment the two newcomers looked at one another, hardly knowing whether to be civil or not. The better impulse won finally, and when Martin, as is customary, proffered a flask, they drank to his good health.

"We do not wish to annoy any one," the leader asserted, when peace was restored; "my name's Scott, and this man is my chum, John Smart. We did come here, and of course made free with an open shack. We don't doubt your word as a gentleman, but we have been up the Moosehorn and don't find signs of any patch of hut you described, and that's the story and why we are here."

"You will be satisfied in two minutes that this old hermit is not your man," responded Martin, pleasantly. "He is a poor fellow, almost a child now, and my old friend you saw with me was his intimate friend years ago."

After the two officers had pitched their tent, cooked and eaten supper beside Martin's fire, they all gathered around it and he told the old hermit's story. The wild man's night visit months before was not omitted, and the hidden cabin, with its bell signal, was again described.

The two officers also proved to be decent men on acquaintance.

"I should not have taken that all-night paddle," asserted Martin, when his story ended, "if you had not doubted my word, and to-morrow, if I find it wise to leave my old friend alone here with the hermit, I'll go with you up the Moosehorn and show you that cabin. It may not be occupied now, but it was then."

When morning came, Officer Scott proved himself worthy of respect by

accepting Martin's word, and keeping away from the hermit.

"It will only scare him," explained Martin, "and we hope to get him out of the woods and back to Greenville and his daughter. If we can't coax him to go, I am nonplused, and we may have to carry him out. How he has contrived to live here winter after winter is a mystery."

The new plan of Martin's going away met old Cy's approval.

"Amzi and me is gittin' real chummy once more," he said; "we've dug his peratoes 'n' packed 'em in moss under the cabin; we're cuttin' an' splittin' wood, 'n' smokin' meat, 'n' gatherin' nuts for the squirrels all day long. I like it, and wouldn't mind stayin' with him all winter. He's got a couple o' bear traps set somewhar, 'n' to-morrow we're goin' ter tend 'em."

It was a pleasant picture of wood life, but it failed to relieve Martin's mind much, or show him a way to secure Angie's inheritance. It set him to thinking, however, on what would be gained after all by the return of this childish hermit to Greenville, and would Angie be made the happier by it? It was a question, and one hard to solve. So far as the law went, a deed, and all necessary legal papers, could be signed and witnessed here. It was too soon to propose that now, but it must be kept in mind.

"I am going to leave Jean here to hunt for you and Amzi while I'm gone," Martin said to old Cy, when ready to depart with the officers; "he can get you one or two deer to cure for winter use, and I may decide to let you stay here after all. When the right time comes, show Amzi the two pictures of Angie and take good care of him." And with this parting injunction he and "Old Faithful," as he had sometimes called Levi, pushed off.

A canoe trip through a wilderness is at once romantic, laborious, and lazy. The waterways, of course must be fol-



SCOTT LIFTED HIS RIFLE.

lowed, and when a "pitch of water," as a rapid or falls is called, is reached, your craft and belongings must be carried around if ascending the stream. If descending and not too dangerous, a thrilling, and often risky trip is made down through the boiling, seething waters; leaping perhaps over sheer falls of two or three feet, dodging rocks, tossed upon white-crested surges, spun around in eddies, wet with spray, breathless with excitement, until the mad race is run, and you float calmly at last in the foam-covered pool below.

This mysterious forest influence was familiar to Martin, but now, as he journeyed onward, down-stream, up-stream, across carry with the two officers, and camping where night overtook them, it seemed to him that he had undertaken a fool's errand. We all ought to have an interest in the cause of justice, but to go in pursuit of an entrenched murderer hiding in a vast wilderness was, at least, not to his liking. He had, on the spur of impulse, and to prove his own assertions, promised to do this; but when the broad, slow-running Moosehorn was reached and night found them at the campsite where he and Dr. Sol were visited by a wild man, he wished himself back with old Cy.

The spot had not changed in the months that had elapsed except that the North Branch was lower, and the summer's growth had sprung up where undergrowth had been cut away. The old tent poles still remained in place, the same endless procession of foam flecks came down the Branch, and the same low murmur of running water issued from above.

When the tents were up, fires started, supper cooked and eaten, a council of war, so to speak, was held.

"It was here," Martin said to the officers, "that a friend and myself first discovered that some mysterious human being or wild man was haunting this wilderness, and, as I told you, he gave us a good scare. Whether he was this man, McGuire, whom you want, I can't say. We found a peculiar secluded cabin late the next day, and if we make an early start to-morrow, we can reach it before night. I will pilot you to it, but more than that you must not expect. If this escaped criminal is there, you must act as you see fit. His arrest is not my affair, and I don't care to make it such. I've no doubt if it is your man, that the first one of us to approach his hut will be called to a halt, and, failing to obey, will meet a bullet. I've described the location and situation, and would suggest that you now decide upon a plan of action. A desperate criminal like this McGuire, who has kept in hiding for years, won't hesitate to add one or even three more murders to his list. Now knowing what you are likely to meet, what do you propose to do?"

For a moment the two officers considered the matter.

"We are here to arrest this chap," the leader, Scott, responded firmly at last, "and shooting is a game two can play at."

"True enough," answered Martin, laconically, "but with one shooter se-

cure in a log cabin, the play part will be all on one side. I shall not mix up in it, as I said, but if you two feel that your duty calls for suicide—well, I'm sorry for you. I should hate to be called upon to bury you under a flag of truce in that clearing, and as for conveying you out of the wilderness if wounded—well, frankly, I can't spare the time."

It was such a matter of fact statement of the possible outcome that both officers laughed.

"I don't believe in tolling a bell until a corpse is ready," said Scott, "and I've found that desperate men sometimes will stay. We will wait and see how the land lays around this fellow's lair."

And that night Martin felt worse than the man who bought a white elephant.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LAIR OF AN OUTCAST.

It was mid-afternoon, and an impending storm hid the sun and made the forest unduly sombre when Levi caught the first sound of the stream where, months before, he and Martin had landed to follow a mysterious path. Its beginning, beside the bush-grown brook, was easily found, where twigs had been broken off and grass recently trodden.

"Here's tracks," exclaimed Levi, who had landed first, with paddle in hand; and, stooping, he added, "They're the wild man's sure's a gun."

"It is he, fast enough," asserted Martin, who had followed, rifle in hand, and now also stooped over them.

They were plainly visible, and a group of them at that. Some faint on the patches of moss, and those close to the stream more distinct and showing the well-remembered claw marks. For full five minutes the little party of four stood looking at them with thrice the interest Martin and the doctor felt once before. They had journeyed 100 miles to find a desperado, and the first signs of him filled them with forebodings.

"Well, gentlemen," almost whispered Martin, when the tracks had been well examined, "here we are, and your game isn't far off," and he left the way into the shadowy forest, up the narrow path only a few rods, and then he halted, for there, beside it, and nearly hid under freshly cut fir boughs, lay a canvas canoe, bottom up.

It was the one inseparable companion of man and his existence in this wilderness; and yet, had it been a crouching panther instead, it would not have awakened much more interest. It held all eyes one instant only, and then the row of four stalwart men glanced furtively around as if expecting a savage to step out from behind each tree. Only a moment they halted, and then with rifles at ready, and Martin ahead, they filed cautiously up the narrow path, step by step, twisting around the dense thicket, along the frowning ledge, and up the defile to where the moose skull still grinned, and here they paused. Martin made no comment, but glanced at the officers, anxious to see how this ghastly warning was received by them. They looked at it in grim silence, then at one another, and then up the narrow, rock-walled path.

Once more Martin, as leader, moved on, and the rest followed.

Not a whisper from any, not a loud breath even, each step a slow one and catlike, and, parting the bushes with caution until the open glade came in sight, and just where the swinging stick crossed the path, they halted.

From here the log hut was visible, and out of its low chimney a thin film of smoke was ascending.

Martin looked at it a moment and then at his companions.

"There's your man, I guess," he whispered, "cooking supper. Do you want to call on him without notice, or shall I ring?"

It was the critical moment, and one Officer Scott was not ready to meet. He and his companion had for weeks been searching this pathless wilderness for a man whose crimes they knew well enough, but of his temper, disposition, looks even, they knew but little. If the occupant of this cabin was McGuire, he was in a position to defy arrest, or at least make it costly.

"Well," whispered Martin again, realizing their dilemma, "shall I ring?"

Scott nodded.

On the instant, almost, and as the faint, tinkling answers reached the watching men, a shaggy-haired human face appeared at the one small window, then a slide was moved across it, leaving a narrow crack open.

The cabin's owner was evidently at home.

But it needed a brave man, indeed, to now enter this open glade, bristling with blackened stumps like so many fangs, and advance to the hut. Scott was evidently not that man, for he merely watched and waited, and Martin felt no cause to expose himself. One, two, three minutes passed, and the four still eyed the cabin.

And now Scott advanced to the signal lever and moved it again and again.

Only the faint bell sounds issued. It was seemingly a case of either advance or retreat, but Scott did neither. Only a moment more he waited, then then gave a loud "hallo."

It echoed through that silent wilderness and back from the cliff that frowned down upon the hut, but no one appeared. Again and again was it repeated, but the cabin door remained shut, the window slits in place, and the smoke still ascending.

"I've a notion to try a shot," whispered Scott, and, as no one answered, he raised his rifle, aimed at the cliff, and fired.

The ping of the bullet against the rock came back mingling into the report, but no one emerged from the hut.

Once again Scott lifted his rifle and fired.

(To Be Continued.)

SAILED 37 DAYS OVER A VOLCANO

HARROWING EXPERIENCES OF
CREW OF "CEDARBANK"

STORM AND FIRE PERILS.

Ship Bound on a Voyage from Newcastle to San Francisco—Fighting Flames in the Hold Day and Night.

New York.—"It is a story of action, a 37 days' fight for life that followed the discovery of fire under the hatches of the Cedarbank," said Josiah L. F. Robertson, second mate of the four-masted bark Levernbank, from Dublin, moored to Commercial wharf, in the Atlantic dock, says the World. Mr. Robertson was one of the heroes of the Cedarbank's famous trip from Newcastle to Frisco.

"When we were seven days out we were dismayed off the New Zealand coast, the yards being locked with the mizen topmast like an old bent tin pot," began the second officer. "After a gale of wind from the southeast and a heavy sea, the weather moderated, and in 16 days we managed to get back to Sydney, where we lay for two weeks. We started again for Frisco, and had crossed the line, when at about two bells of the dog watch smoke was seen coming up from No. 2 hatch. Capt. Moody batted the hatch cover down and tried to smother the fire.

"Next morning we started to discharge cargo over the side and worked the fire pumps day and night. Hose was led down through the ventilator in the fore'sle head and through No. 2 hatch, from which we were discharging. A boom was triced up aft, the two quarter life boats lowered astern, provisioned and watered, and manrope, with knots in them, belted on the boom. The carpenter was ordered to build a false keel for one of the boats on the forward house, and a section of 'serve' pipe fitted with a wooden butt for a step was made ready for a mast. This boat was also dropped astern.

"The second mate, with one A. B., was detailed to one boat, the best two



WORKED PUMPS DAY AND NIGHT.

A. B.'s to another, and myself and one A. B. to the third boat, where we stood watch and watch. As the men went into hatch No. 2 with their baskets the coal became hotter and hotter. They could stay in the hold only an hour at a time with wet towels tied around their faces. The captain wanted to throw overboard enough coal to clear the 'tween decks and get at the fire underneath.

"After a three days' fight, during which the hose was kept on, not much smoke could be seen. Four hundred tons of coal had been thrown overboard, when suddenly the hatch covers blew up with a series of explosions, the flames and smoke leaping high in the air, and the cargo was found to be aflame fore and aft. There was a rush to clap down hatches again, and if this thing happened once, it happened 20 times.

"The captain had ordered a portion of the provisions and all the fresh water possible stored on the quarter deck, for the fire had quickly spoiled the stores in the lazarette aft and all the fresh water left in the tanks on deck. For storing the fresh water we ripped out two small tanks from the washroom forward.

"The deck was so hot that you could with difficulty bear your shoe upon it, and the pitch stewed from the planks. The cook and the steward prepared the meals over the hot coals in the hold.

Explosion after explosion threw the hatches skyward until the order 'All hands batten down,' came to be regarded with contempt from its very familiarity.

"We were 1,800 miles from Frisco, with the ship on the port tack mostly, and light breezes, with calms at times. We could not have driven the ship more than about four knots if we had got a breeze, for we were towing our small boats with men in them, astern. Every morning the captain would come to the taffrail, bend a tin of coffee on a life buoy and lower it to us, to be passed from boat to boat.

"After about a month of this kind of life over a volcano it came on to blow, and we had to take up the boats on the davits. We thought it was all up with us, and that we should never see land again."

LIFEBOAT BESET BY MAN-EATING SHARKS

Horde of Monsters Haunt Long Voyage of Five Men in Small Vessel.

San Francisco.—A voyage of 200 miles by oar, almost destitute of provisions and water and pursued by a horde of giant sharks that threatened momentarily day and night to capsize the craft and devour its occupants, was the experience of Capt. Sam Harris and four South Sea Islanders who composed the crew of the little trading schooner Victor, wrecked on Atafu Island on November 30. Atafu is 200 miles from Papeete, the port of Tahiti.

This is a tale of the sea brought here by the liner Mariposa, recently arrived,



CONSTANT COMBAT WITH SHARKS.

which left Papeete on the day Capt. Harris and his men landed there, emaciated and nearly crazed, but still alive. When the Victor ended her career by striking the reef the shipwrecked crew had barely time to put off in the boat for their long voyage, made without a compass and no sail, with one day's provisions and a half dozen coconuts on board.

The milk from the coconuts was all they had to drink during the 11 days it took to reach Papeete. The passage was enlivened by a constant combat with the sharks. In verification of their story cars were shown splintered and worn repelling the attacks of the ferocious fish, which gave them no rest. The Victor was a trader among the Friendly and Society Islands.

KISS ONLY IN PARLOR WITH A LOW LIGHT.

Philadelphia Judge Declares Safe Osculation Is That After Which No Tales Are Told.

Philadelphia.—Judge McMichael, in a charge to a jury the other day, in a case involving a stolen kiss, said:

"There has been much rubbish written by poets and others on kissing. Cyrano de Bergerac was a notable example of a poet who raved over the mere pressing of the lips by two infatuated persons. The only kind of kissing permissible under the law is the kind that occurs in the parlor when the lights are turned low.

"Kissing is dangerous and should be avoided. The cause of the Trojan war is generally attributed to a woman and a man's desire for kisses.

"The only safe kiss that can be given is the one after which no tales are told.

"A stolen kiss is no different from any other stolen article. No restitution can be made, and it is therefore more grievous."

A Marvelous Dog.

In a big apartment house in New York lives a collie, who has well earned his name of Marvel. He dwells with his mistress on the seventh floor, and would get very little exercise were he less clever. Marvel's mistress trusts him to go out alone, and this is how he goes about it. Does he tramp down seven flights of stairs? No, indeed. Marvel walks to the elevator, stands upon his hind feet, and with his front paws presses the "button" which summons the elevator to his floor. In saunters Marvel. When he has been out long enough, he again rings for the elevator, and reaching his own apartments rings the door bell.

Marvel's conduct suggests a conundrum. Why is Marvel like the rider to Banbury Cross? Because he has rings on his toes.—Washington Star.

A New Cure for Alcoholism.

An American doctor has the credit of discovering the most extraordinary fact in connection with his lifelong study of alcoholism. After the most careful observation he finds that imperfect eyesight and a craving for drink always go together. He has treated thousands of alcoholic patients and has never yet found a drunkard who had not something the matter with his eyes. Acting on this discovery the doctor has devoted his time to the cure of the visual trouble. He says when he is able to do this—that is, make the eyes see normally—he finds the patient's craving for liquor disappears entirely.

No More Stripes.

Following the abolition of the lock-step and the cropped head in the New York state prisons has come the doing away with the stripes on convicts' clothing, and 3,000 suits, minus the stripes, are being made.